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The Interweaving of Metaphor: Writing and Crocheting

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Loop… Wrap…Chain…Chain…Chain… Her nimble fingers continued the same restless pattern for another seventy-five chains. Her dark red nail polish sharply contrasted with the baby pink material she held in her hands as she skillfully continued to weave her magic. She softly hummed as she contentedly reclined on her favorite comfortable chair. To the side of her chair, she carried a worn bag that was once her mother's. The light green bag carried a rainbow of colored yarn, ranging in style, texture, and smoothness. She smiled to herself in a quiet manner, as if she carried an innate knowledge that only happens over time. I felt her glance towards my way, pleased by my expression of rapt interest and curiosity. Her fingers signified their quick, yet loving touch she applied to the material. She offered me the beautiful smooth material and I felt a sense of panic. I stared helplessly at the material, but was determined to contribute towards her masterpiece. I felt her fingers enclose over mine, and applied enough pressure to mimic her movements. Her hands left mine. I was flying. The small green needle held an inner warmth and a mind of its own. I succumbed to this outer influence and willingly gave my life over to this moment in time that I was no longer just an individual, but rather a part of a bigger creation.

Writing is like crocheting. When I first initially held a ball of string in one hand and a needle in another, I was at a loss. How do I start? What is the proper method of crocheting? I was anxious, yet had a strong desire to learn how to crochet. I was frustrated at first. My fingers could not work the needle. Perhaps it was because I was left handed and learning how to crochet with my right hand. Or, maybe it was because I was impatient and wanted instant gratification. My fingers were jerky, my needle unsteady, and my string crooked. My fingers cramped, grew sore, and ached within my sleep.

I had a similar experience with my writing. I was enrolled in a poetry course and was deeply fascinated with the thoughts of Byron, Shelley, Yeats, and Wordsworth; I was looking forward to constructing my own analysis. The time came to bring in a rough copy of my essay and I was looking forward to hearing how brilliantly I interweaved the thoughts of the poets as well as my own. I was sure that I would have a few minor errors, but I was not worried about that. It's the thesis, creativity, and thorough analysis that mattered—or so I thought. I approached my professor, prepared to hear good feedback on my ideas, but was sadly disappointed. She squinted at my writing, mumbled to herself, and asked me unintelligent questions (in my opinion). I could not get her to get past the foundation of my paper, and my poor introduction was given a thrashing like no other. As I continued to answer the teacher's questions and concerns, my stomach started to have a funny feeling. I felt sick. I wanted to barf all over my teacher, hoping some of it would spill onto my paper. I began to drone out the teacher a little, after all she was mumbling more to herself than to me. My eyes were swimming in front of the letters. I felt my paper begin to unravel and lose its

potential and humble structure. I felt her eyes on me as she uttered, "Your writing is terrible." I was crushed. My paper was crap. My writing was crap. My life was crap. A bomb landed in the room and I went into shell shock. I could not see or hear anything. There was a deafening roar in my ears and an endless pool of liquid building up in my eyes. I swallowed hard, my mouth felt as dry as sandpaper. As my professor continued to drone on and on and on, I began to feel resentment rise in me. Soon, I felt a rage within my heart that soon I was seeing red. I breathed in deeply, horrified by not only my teacher's criticisms but that the rest of my fellow peers heard her say that to me. My teacher began to issue me insulting statements that I wanted to rebuttal against…

"There is no logic in your writing." Like hell there isn't, you're just too blind to see it.

"Your writing is too complex." But isn't poetry in itself a complex form of writing?

"You're overanalyzing." Poetry is a creative outlet that allows a poet to express his or her inner thoughts, passions, confusions, loves, and hatred in life. And I'm overanalyzing?

"This needs a lot of work." NO! You need a lot of work.

I interrupted her little rant, asking her what does she suggest I do that will tighten up my ideas. Shit, anything I felt would be helpful at that point.

"I suggest you come see me in my office hours so we can discuss this more." Well, you know what? You can take your suggestion and shove it up your…I bared my teeth politely, thanked her for her *helpful* advice, and walked away. That did it. That public thrashing created an inner anxiety over my writing. No professor had made me feel so vulnerable. Worthless. No professor had ever told me that my writing was terrible. My world became terrible. I developed a paranoia towards my writing. Her words burned in my heart, in my soul, and in my thoughts. I was plagued by her opinion of my writing and struggled throughout the semester. By the end of the semester, I received a B in poetry.

Writing is like patience. It's supposed to be a virtue, right? Or so we try to make it to be. Writing takes time, creativity, and a deep understanding or passion for the topic or thesis at hand. I don't think I would consider myself good at bullshit. I have to know what I was talking about. Usually I stick with topics that appeal to me.

My writing is like my personality. When I want to learn how to do something, I will go out and do it. I will learn the deep intricacies within my interest, master its different aspects, and move onto a new project. I'm always involved with different interests. Some I complete, and some continue to remain in progress. I'm open to many different styles-from critical to creative. There are moments when I wish to explore and experience something new, and then there are moments when I am content within my bubble of comfort.

Writing is like crocheting a blanket. Once you have constructed a foundation, your creation can be limitless. I hold a pink string in one hand and a needle in the other and I create my own blanket of life. I weave this blanket, embedding my thoughts, my hopes, my dreams, my fears, my very essence into this material, leaving me vulnerable and helpless. Once I complete my blanket, I share it with the world. Whether it is the swaddling used for a newborn babe or as a comforting warmth towards my grandmother suffering from arthritis, it becomes a beacon of hope, love, and courage that it touches. Writing is a pillar of strength. It is the voice for all who cannot find their own. It is a representation for all-from the rich to the poor, to the educated and uneducated. It will be inspirational, controversial, revolutionary. The moment I complete my blanket, I lose myself. A part of my soul permeates through each pattern and design, and once completed it can never be done again.

One day my writing will be as intricate and structured as a blanket. All it needs is just the beginning foundation, where greatness will always be discovered and cultivated with the proper instruction and guidance.

Loop… Wrap…Chain…Chain…Chain…